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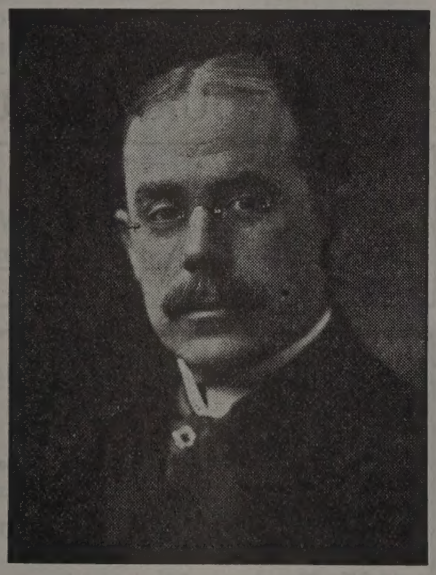
UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion



SHAILER MATHEWS

DEAN OF DIVINITY SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
EDITOR OF THE BIBLICAL WORLD

(See Editorial Note)

CONTENTS

The New Age. *Frederic Lawrence Knowles*.....179

EDITORIAL—

Notes 179
Some Skillful Etchers and Charming Etchings...182
What Protection Means.....183

THE PULPIT—

The Stones of That Place. REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON 183

A Prayer. *Phœbe Cary*.....185

More Soldiers or More Reason. EDWIN D. MEAD.186

Ethics Conceived of as Functional. An Outline for an Introduction. CLARENCE GREELEY, PH.D....187

THE FIELD—

Lincoln Centre Notes.....189
Are We Guilty?.....189
What Is Education?.....189

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXX THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1912. NUMBER 12.

THE NEW AGE

When navies are forgotten
  And fleets are useless things,
When the dove shall warm her bosom
  Beneath the eagle's wings,—

When memory of battles
  At last is strange and old,
When nations have one banner
  And creeds have found one fold,—

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight
  With its powdered drift of suns
Has hushed this tiny tumult
  Of sects and swords and guns,—

Then Hate's last note of discord
  In all God's worlds shall cease,
In the conquest which is service,
  In the victory which is peace!

—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

Hiram is the name of the schooner ninety-three years old, plying along the Atlantic coast, which recently collided with an unknown boat in the open sea, receiving a hole in her side below the water line. She was run by Mrs. Georgie Orne, the only woman captain of a schooner sailing the Atlantic. She brought the ship safely into the Boston harbor, being herself at the wheel most of the time for one long night and day. A woman that can bring a leaking ship to port ought to be able to cast a vote for an alderman, or even hold the office of rural supervisor of roads, but Massachusetts does not think so yet.

Any wise analysis of the recent presidential vote will not overlook the seven hundred thousand votes cast for the Socialist ticket, an increase of 55 per cent over those of four years ago. While the Socialist party is so hopelessly in the minority that there is not much probability or danger of its electing its candidates, its habit of voting the straight ticket has significance. It shows a tendency in thought, a movement in politics, a rising spirit to which the true patriot and social philosopher cannot afford to be indifferent. It is not for us to undertake to interpret this movement at this time, but that there is a movement of great significance in the world of thought and politics today represented by the Socialist party is a fact to which only a political bigot can be blind.

Michigan this year promises an apple crop of a million bushels, the quality and flavor of the fruit rivaling that of the boasted apples grown in the far West. Perhaps there is some connection between apples and woman's suffrage. A state interested in the growth of this fruit would naturally be expected to be the first east of the Mississippi to recognize the citizenship of woman. The king of fruits is the apple, and the woman who knows how to make of it a good pie, thus converting it from a luxury into a necessity, is the woman who has a right to go to the polls, and to help shape the destiny of the *common*-wealth, emphasizing the "common." Private wealth counts but little; but the wealth which the community holds in common is the wealth that makes for civilization.

We have been hearing so much of the Great Powers in Europe, the flaunted four or five nations that spell their title with a capital "P," that it is refreshing to come upon the news that tells us that the *Small* Powers of Europe, including Belgium, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, the Netherlands, Portugal and Switzerland are coming together in response to the invitation of the International Peace Bureau at Berne, to see what they can do toward persuading the big "P's" to cease their senseless increase of armament and to begin the reduction of the same. "He that would be greatest among you let him serve." These *small* Powers stand for the *great* forces that are to limit the influence, shame the pretension and confound the ambition of those foolish nations who expect to establish their primacy in the counsels of the world by virtue of battleships, fortresses and idle armies.

The Audubon societies, that have done so much in the way of checking, though not preventing, the vandalism of women in wearing birds on hats, are now, through the National Association, out on a campaign for the protection of small birds, which have such economic value when alive and such questionable value when dead. The devastation caused by insects can only be met by the fostering of birds who are by nature the enemies of these pests. The society is trying to raise a campaign fund of a hundred thousand dollars to be used in the enforcing of the laws now existing and the securing of necessary laws where none exist. It is hard to realize that the robins, bluebirds and bob-o-links are the victims of the wanton boy and the indulgent man. Any contribution to this society, however small or however great, will be appreciated. Send check to Mr. E. H. Forbush, agent, Westboro, Mass.

A correspondent writes: "Would it not be a fine and splendid thing for the new administration to make the idea of Peace dominant! Would it not be inspiring, not only to us but to the nations of the world, if we were to abolish the title 'Minister of War' and in its place substitute 'Minister of Peace.' Surely this name would have a benign and wholesome influence and the office would carry with it none of the sinister ideas that revolve around the 'Minister of War.' Would not this idea be a positive step and a simple one in the right direction, and together with the White Bordered Flag carry along with it many of the hopes and dreams of the people of the growing commonwealth of nations." UNITY heartily seconds the correspondent's suggestion. By some such dextrous turn of the spirit, expressed in popular phrase, the enthusiasm for war may be converted into disgust, and the cowardly acceptance of the war standards as a necessity, be changed into a heroic denial of the same.

A London newspaper man, as reported in *The Chicago Daily News,* has found out why we have so many millionaires in America. They must be millionaires here, he says, in order to afford a taxi-cab to get home in. He finds that what we here pay two dollars and a half for, can be secured in London for sixty cents; he further finds that the steak for which we must pay seventy cents here can be obtained in London, equally well cooked and as attractively served, for from thirty to forty cents. We wonder if the English steak is not cut from an American steer? This correspondent also finds that in London one can stop at a good hotel, and have a breakfast thrown in, for a dollar and a half a night, while in an American hotel of similar grade it would cost three dollars. He wonders why we pay so much more for the things we want here than for the things we need. The editor of UNITY wonders whether there cannot be thrown some light on the vexed question of the High Cost of Living Problem by a comparative study along the lines suggested by our English critic.

Now that the "sick man" of Turkey is indeed sick unto death, is he not entitled to the consideration that becomes a sick man, and should not any diagnosis of his case be touched with the tenderness that belongs to the nurse and the physician. Does it not become us to beware lest we attribute to the Turk and his religion the atrocities that belong to war and the brutalities that go with war. If the tide of battle went the other way, perhaps the atrocities would be reported as coming from the Christian side. At least, Christianity as well as Mahommedanism, has to acknowledge a record of blood, rapine and brutality that has been protected by the cross as well as by the Crescent. May it not be that the primitive barbarity, the brutal inheritance, the coarse courage and bloody patriotism have been ameliorated by the gospel of Mohammed, as similar atrocities have been ameliorated by the gospel of Jesus? Is there no one to show us that the spirit of the Koran has been violated by those who champion it, as the spirit of the New Testament has been so often outraged by those who take upon themselves the name of the Christ.

The Christian Scientists do not believe in headaches and such things, but judging from the elaborate advice the *Christian Science Monitor* gives to the *debutante* concerning hats we are safe in inferring that they believe very much in head-gear. This advice talks glibly of the "trig little hat to be worn on the avenue, "the tam-o-shanter crowns that are very girlish and becoming," "the very dressy hats with wide brims and broad crowns, on which lovely trimming is applied," a particularly "fetching hat displaying a brim trimmed with bows of maline." We do not know what "maline" is, but we infer it must be something very nice. In addition to all this the young lady is advised not to overlook the "coquetish little theater cap which may be fashioned from metallic tissues, etc." This sounds to us like a recognition of matter, and really points to a materialism which to our mind is a greater menace to spirituality than a dread of microbes, a belief in smallpox or a readiness to isolate scarlet-fever patients for health's sake. There are some things that seem to be contagious, even to the Christian Science mind, and one of these things is the love of hats among the debutantes and the readiness to gratify the same out of the "open purse-strings" that are here commended.

The Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick of Montclair, New Jersey, the preacher at the University of Chicago the last two weeks, where he has been making effective talks, spoke before a vast audience at Orchestra Hall last Sunday night, of the peculiar sin of being "over engaged," and gave it the name of "Americanitis." The nervous irritability that grows out of our fast living, he said, threatens to break down character. "If," said the speaker, "you fill the auditorium of your mind with little people and little interests there will not be room for those who are big and important." He said the passion for amusement was rapidly becoming one of the greatest American diseases. He said it was not necessary to sin to crucify the Christ, but simply to crowd him out. He quoted Emerson, saying "The secret of art is the science of omitting things." "You can tell an artist by the things he leaves out, and tell a man's character by the things that are put first." It is high time that the wisdom of Mr. Fosdick should be urged

home. The preoccupied man or woman has no legitimate excuse to offer at the bar of justice or in the presence of a call of humanity. The other question is always pertinent, "What are you so busy about?" Has any woman or man a right, by virtue of their much money or much leisure, to so entangle themselves with "engagements" as to be compelled to turn a deaf ear to the highest call of the state, the Church, and the noblest demands of conscience?

The International Harvester Company, according to newspaper reports, has just set apart a million dollars to be used in improving the agricultural methods of the country, through an elaborate system of agencies to be employed in the distribution of improved seeds and farmers' literature, etc. They will aim to broaden the corn belt, to widen the alfalfa range and stimulate many other wholesome and inspiring lines of study and work among the farming communities. This is well, very well. But it still leaves undone the more important work of intensive education of the children along agricultural lines. A general toning up of the public school is well; a touch-and-go interest in school yards and flowers, and talk about it, is well; but there is a profound need of an experimental station in education where the earth and all that springs therefrom, and is dependent thereupon, will be ascribed its fundamental place in rational pedagogy. The historic foundations of the school have been either the cloister or the camp, the monastic or the military school. The really fundamental agricultural school for little children has never yet been established so far as we know, and an experimental station in this direction challenges the interest of all those interested in agriculture. Nay, lays an imperative claim upon the consciences of those who have amassed fortunes out of the soil; whose prosperity is still dependent upon the fields; and whose success is luring from the fields the very elements most essential to the perpetuation of their fertility, namely, boys and girls born on the farm. Where are the capitalists who will recognize their indebtedness and will proceed to liquidate a part of it in this direction by establishing the Farm School on the basis of the pedagogy that is founded neither upon the cloister or the camp, but upon the garden, the orchard and the barnyard.

Professor Shailer Mathews, whose portrait appears on our first page, is one of the most versatile men connected with the University of Chicago. He has been on the educational staff ever since 1894 and has been active on many lines; the author of many books, reaching from those on New Testament criticism to the "Church and the Changing Order." He has been a lecturer and editor on many subjects. For a time it seemed as though he could really make a literary magazine live in Chicago. *The World of Today* was a success while it succeeded, but has yielded to the inevitable law which, for the present, dooms New York to the task of producing popular magazines. Professor Mathews, while he is Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago, a member in good and regular standing in the Baptist Church, and an acceptable preacher whenever he can be caught by any of the churches in the city, is a man larger than any denomination, broader than any profession. It is an announcement of much significance that with the first of January he is to assume editorial charge of the *Biblical World*. This magazine was founded by the still more versatile President Harper, in 1882, under the title of *The Hebrew Student*, which afterward came to be known as *The Old Testament Student*, and once again as *The Old and New Testament Student*. In 1893 it assumed the name of *The Biblical World*, with Dr. Harper as editor in chief. On his death Professor Ernest B. Burton assumed editorial control, since which time it has been in his hands, and has made for itself a place to be respected in the minds not only of those who are interested in biblical criticism and scholarly research along the lines of the Old and New Testaments, but it has been open to the discussion of the pressing problems, the ethical and spiritual perplexities of the day. In the hands of Mr. Mathews it will be none the less scholarly, but, we suspect, increasingly human, and will continue to stand for no sect, or creed, or "ism," but will follow fearlessly wherever scholarship leads and the needs of the day are urgent. We greet *The Biblical World* under the new management, and rejoice in Professor Matthews' increased field of usefulness, and congratulate progressive religionists everywhere in view of the encouragement and guidance that this magazine will continue to give.

The Vedic Magazine, published at Lahore, India, bearing date of Ashvin, 1969 (whenever that may have been), is an Oriental publication of decidedly foreign characteristics, both in appearance and subject matter. It is an interesting revelation of the workings of the human mind when touched by culture and modern thought,—not only physical but metaphysical,—on the other side of our globe. The conditions, associations and convictions that bloom out of the deep roots of Brahmanism and Buddhism, and not out of Judaism and Christianity, are revealed. Science has a standing here also, the opening article being on Evolution, by a native writer. There is another on Radium, also by an Oriental. There is a translation of a portion of the Bhagavad Gita, and some interesting "Notes." Perhaps the point of view of this writer is pretty fairly represented by the comment

of one who signs herself Princess Mary Karadja; and who, perhaps, represents the standpoint of many of the western world who have learned to fit their Christian traditions into the thought of a universal religion and a common humanity.

How can we—Christians—expect Jews, Buddhists, Parsees and Mahomedans to accept or venerate our religious beliefs, if we remain ignorant of the glorious verities contained in their creeds? God has no step-children . . . Divine Wisdom and Love have led the evolution of all the nations of earth. The "Book of the Dead," the "Vedas," the "Zend-Avesta," the "Koran" contain Revealed Truth, as well as the Old and the New Testament. Each thought that uplifts and ennobles humanity is divinely inspired, wherever it is to be found. We—Christians—send Missionaries to the East to the "Pagans"! When shall we fully realize that we have a great deal to learn from them?

We divide the world into "Christian" and "Non-Christian" nations. This is unfair! There is yet no nation on Earth which has molded its laws and institutions after the moral code laid down by Jesus, but there are a great many private individuals who lead the Christ-life, among the "Heathen," as well as among us.

The entire edifice of Christianity has been erected upon faith, not upon charity. We have built upon the foundation laid down by St. Paul, not upon the foundation laid down by Jesus: *"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."* (St. John xiii, 35.) How many of us are "Christians" if measured by that standard? May we soon learn to venerate as true Servants of God all those who are good and charitable, whatever their religious opinions may be.

There has never been more than one religion revealed and re-revealed all through the ages. The fundamental thoughts are identical in every Creed. The differences between them are merely superficial. When we plunge into their deepest depth, we find Unity.

Some Skillful Etchers and Charming Etchings

It behooves Chicago to be modest in its art pretensions albeit it has an Art Institute that challenges the respect of artists, an Art School that is the admiration if not the envy of rival cities, and a few artists of no mean fame.

In the one field of etchers and etchings, however, Chicago has a growing place of its own and a commanding respect among those who know. It has an Etchers' Society that is able to present no mean exhibition, and there are amateurs among us who are liable to make a place and a fame for themselves among professionals.

An interesting introduction to this fascinating art, as well as a suggestion of these fascinating workers, is before us in a little booklet of forty pages, entitled "Concerning Etchings," by Mrs. Bertha E. Jaques, secretary of the Chicago Society of Etchers. It is written for the benefit of those who are not familiar with the processes or many of their results. It sets forth in simple phrase the processes of "biting," "printing," "drypoint," "engraving," "mezzotint," "aquatint," "signatures" and other mystic terms of the craft. It has welcome hints about mounting, mats, framing and hanging, with a convenient bibliography not long enough to be discouraging but ample enough to be suggestive and stimulating. The little book is itself illuminated by three charming reproductions, two European scenes, and one Chicago river scene by Mrs. Jaques. The latter full of life, the smoke and the commercialized waters made beautiful by her needle.

The claim just made above for Chicago will probably be justified in the mind of anyone who will give thoughtful and appreciative study of a bunch of postcards at hand, published by the Artotype Company, 731 Plymouth Place, Chicago. If ever the humble postcard has been so glorified before we do not know where, or by whom. They are dainty, beautiful, with a charming, subtile, mystic quality which is the very soul of etching. Here are six cards in the "Chicago Series" from original sketches by Vernon Howe Bailey: The University Club, the City Hall, State Street, the Field Columbian Museum, the Union Stock Yards and the Harper Memorial Library. These cards will dispel the popular impression that Chicago is necessarily and hopelesly dirty and vulgar.

Here are five tinted cards in "The Chicago River Series," from original paintings by William Clusman: An Incoming Freighter, Afternoon on the River, A Blockade in the River, Masonic Temple from the River and Morning on the River. "Why go to Italy to see a sunset that you could see from your own kitchen door at home?" said Emerson. Why go to Holland for river views that you can catch any time on the Chicago River, in Chicago, if you have an open eye?

Phil Sawyer's The "L" Bridge, Charles W. Dahlgreen's The Adams Street Bridge, and Ralph Pearson's "Rough Weather Outside" further justify the above claim. Katharine Merrill in an original etching gives us a charming glimpse of the Federal Building in Chicago, as does Helen B. Stevens of the Mitchell Tower, University of Chicago.

But the poet of the etching plate in Chicago is Earl H. Reed, as the seven postcards at hand so strikingly indicate. Mr. Reed recognizes the synthesis, "not the arts but art," and he does not hesitate to call to his aid the poets' lines. We know not which is the more audible, his own "Voices of the Dunes," as etched in black and white, or the ten lines from Charles G. Blandon, which describe the same. His "Heralds of the Storm" makes one button up his coat, and the children scurry home. "The Edge of the Forest," "Chicago Smoke" and "A City's Highway" are all of them, each in its own way, masterpieces of dainty, delicate art.

If these postcards could only be made popular, how they would carry refinement, and the love of the delicate and the dainty into our homes. If the fleeting messages of love and business were but transmitted on the address side of these cards, how sure they would be not only of a second reading but of careful preservation.

We hesitate to suggest the Christmas time, so dreadful is the impending crush, so nerve-racking is the coming anxiety, so thankless will be the aftermath of the loving waste. How beautifully would these etched postcards meet the demand if only they were not so cheap. How cheap? Ask for them at the counters where such things are kept, or write to the aforementioned company.

What Protection Means

The *Jewish Advocate* of Boston, as quoted by the *Literary Digest,* gives this graphic picture of the demoralization of the Jews in New York incident to the shameful protection of vice given by the police. It is equally true in Chicago, and the vicious result is felt far beyond the pale of any American "ghetto":

Twenty-five years ago the narrow streets that made up the old East Side of New York, a district that has partially disappeared in the face of modern street improvements, were inhabited by a group of God-fearing, religion-loving, observance-crusted Jews who came from Russia, and brought with them all the pride of the "Sanctification of the Name" (Kiddush Hashem), which had been their conscious racial strength for centuries. They were poor, and they struggled for a livelihood, as immigrants will who are herded on these shores.

The days were full of hardship and the bitterness of native neighbors who exhibited contempt for foreign Jews. The night brought crowded bedrooms and all the discomforts of poverty. But their eyes gleamed toward the synagogue, and their pennies went to the establishment of places of worship and the opening of squalid religious classes. And their children are the Rosenthals, Roses, Vallons, Webbers, and so forth.

The homes of these peddlers and petty traders ran close to Allen and Canal streets. The former was then not named as the Red-Light District, and the Lexow investigation and the agitation of W. Travers Jerome were still to come, but the conditions were there. The pimp and the procuress marched forth from these streets, secure in "protection," to coax the little daughters of the immigrants to imitate the manners of the street-walkers; and to select little Jewish boys, bright-eyed little chaps who could be trained to become petty thieves and provide the grown gangsters with the odds and ends of existence. They sowed sin in the certitude of profiting from its growth.

This teaching of vicious habits was done openly in the streets. The streets were indeed more than a school. Lewdness and wantonness flaunted themselves openly. The laws of decency forbid more than an allusion to what could be seen on Allen street in broad daylight in those days. The reeking shamelessness was so violent, so positive, that the pictures made on the impressionable mind of a child of seven have not faded even at this day.

This is the background of the gang, and nearly all the men now under arrest, says the writer, grew up in this one period. They sprang from decent families, and have brought endless misery and shame to their near relatives.—*Literary Digest.*

THE PULPIT

The Stones of That Place

SERMON

BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

"And Jacob lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And he arose early in the morning and took the stone that had been his pillows, and set it up for a pillar." Gen. 28:11, 12, 18.

Students of the pulpit have often noted an affinity between great preachers and certain characters in Bible history. For example, the sermons of Phillips Brooks on Simon Peter are a study in themselves, betraying a kinship of spirit—the same quick impulsiveness of nature, and a like growth into a massive nobility of manhood. In the same way, when Joseph Parker talked of Isaiah, the mighty prophet seemed to live again, but when he talked of David it was as if the poet-king spoke from the pulpit of City Temple. The life of David was a struggle with the flesh, and the story of the same struggle was visible in the face of Parker himself.

But a more striking example of this unconscious identity, if we may call it such, is seen in the sermons of Newman about Jacob. Here the affinity is very marked. Both patriarch and preacher were lonely pilgrim souls, often journeying over stony places "amid encircling gloom," led, always, by a Kindly Light. They had, too, a certain shrewdness, if not craftiness of mind, which Newman feared but could not always escape. Indeed, his life might easily have been a tragedy of subtlety but for that great gift, which he had in common with Jacob—a genius for the Unseen to which the stars themselves were little more than phantom lights, visionary flashings of that great dream, woven between God and soul, which we agree to call the visible world. This it was that saved Newman from atheism; and this it was that men felt in him, and which, though not understanding, they loved and followed.

My theme this morning was brought to mind by reading a little book, named "The Silent Isle," by Arthur Benson, a very brilliant and thoughtful essayist. The peculiarity of all his writings, so far at least, is the intensity with which his mind seems to brood over a certain decisive choice in his life. Evidently it was a choice which it cost him much to make, and which he desires to justify to himself and to others. It appears that he came to a fork in the road, and had to choose between a life which seemed to him wholesome, temperate, and simple, as against a life complex, restless, and mechanical. He saw a chance of living on simpler and more rational lines, and he chose it. One gathers that he would have been a richer man had he taken the other fork of the road, and that he offended those nearest to him by not doing so. Nevertheless, he made the experiment, and now, at the end of his book, he tells us, not that he regrets his decision, but that the peace which he hoped to attain was not permanent:

"This book is a record of an experiment in happiness. I had the opportunity, and I took it, of arranging my life in every respect as I desired. It was my design to live alone in joy; not to exclude others, but to admit them for my pleasure and at my will. I thought that by desiring little, by sacrificing quantity of delight for quality, I should gain much. And I will as frankly confess that I did not succeed in capturing the tranquility I desired. I found many pretty jewels by the way, but the pearl of price lay hid. The story of my failure cannot be told here, but I hope yet to find strength and skill to tell it."

Until he does tell it we cannot form an estimate, if indeed we should judge at all, since in these matters every man must walk in his own light. But something may be said about these moments of decisive choice which come in many lives. Some will recall the retirement of Gladstone in 1875, dictated, as he said, by his "personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life." It puzzled men, though all respected a decision made under the awful spell of the unseen world. Happily he returned to public life, as some of us hope Arthur Balfour will do, for he is the one man best fitted to lead his party in England. Another decision still more puzzling was that of Dr. Chalmers who, in mid career, left his great church in Glasgow to teach a handful of students at St. Andrews. To this day his act is baffling, and some go so far as to say that the rending of the church of Scotland was a kind of silent rebuke.

There are many who had a choice and who, believing that they chose wrongly, are openly or secretly at war with their lot. It must be bitter to think that the door was once open, and that it will not open again. Perhaps those are happier who never had much choice, who seemed in one crisis after another to have only one road at their feet, and who have no repinings because of mistaken elections. Yet it does not follow that they are where they might wish to be. They had no choice indeed, but if the choice had been theirs, they would not have selected the place where they are now living or the work they are doing. Of the village preacher in the Goldsmith poem it was said,

> "Nor e'er had changed
> Nor wished to change his place:"

but that cannot be said of many of us. Happy is the man who, without bitterness, accepts his lot, stony though it be, and makes it a place of vision by faith in Him who makes all places holy.

Often enough, even when he does this, he is misunderstood by his fellow men. Those who have read those touching descriptions of human life as Ian Maclaren saw it in Drumtochty, will remember the confession of Drumsheugh to his friend Dr. McClure in the closing days of both. Drumsheugh had always been accounted a strong and upright man but a little close-fisted, if not stingy. At last, after a lifetime of silence, the truth comes out to this one friend in all the world. He had loved noble, gentle Margaret Howe with all the strength of his early manhood, but she never knew it, for ere he was in a position to declare it she was wedded to a weaker man with whom she struggled through a lifetime of poverty and misfortune. Drumsheugh set himself to watch over her, as a kind of human providence, without her suspecting it. Again and again he came to the rescue of her husband in ways which neither of them discovered, saved them from material ruin, and gave their children the start in life for which the mother prayed but was helpless to furnish herself.

All this required a lifetime of pinching self-denial on the part of the man who undertook it, and exposed him to the suspicion of meanness and covetousness, because he could not afford to be liberal in many other directions. There, through long years, his sacrifice had been on the altar of his manhood, till finally the night of old age had settled down upon it, but he had never seen it take fire. All he had seen in his loneliness was the lamp of God passing over it, with the promise of something better yet to be. Truly it was a stony life, but who can doubt that there was a nameless joy and peace at the heart of it, despite the misunderstanding of those who did not know. Margaret Howe herself did not know, but there was One above who did know and who, when the sun went down at eventide, let down His ladder of light.

One of the most dismal of all the stony places of life is the sense of failure—not so much the defeat of a single design as a feeling of bankruptcy in the business of life. There are those who have no sense of a mission in the multi-colored play of the race, because they have no consciousness of power. Of all such Mark Rutherford is the prophet, and he writes of those held captive by dreary routine with an insight and sympathy which could only have come by experience, methinks. No one known to me has written of this aspect of the human lot with so much understanding, so much wisdom. One of his characters describes the feeling:

"The rest of the day was black to me. I cared for nothing. I dwelt upon the conviction that had long possessed me. I was insignificant. There was nothing much in me. And this destroyed my peace. We may reconcile ourselves to poverty and suffering, but few of us can endure the conviction that there is nothing much in us, and that consequently we cannot expect anybody to gravitate toward us with any forceful impulse. It was a bitter experience."

Yes, it is bitter indeed, and more of our fellows are beset with it than we are aware. Surely a man has touched the very blight of desolation when he is held by the conviction that he does not count. That is a deeper and more doleful cry than a moan from the shadow of death. It is death itself! It is a fearfully solitary place. No doubt there are those in this assembly who are haunted by a sense of their own futility. If there be such, and they feel that their most intense aspiration is of no importance to anyone here, let them know that it is of importance to God because it comes from Him. All souls are His, and precious in His sight. What we think, the manner of our feeling, the character of our activity are of vital and ceaseless concern to the Most High. Browning put the truth into his great lines:

> "All I could never be,
> All men ignored in me,
> This, I was worth to God."

No one need be told that sorrow leads to a stony place, but it is an error to think that sorrow is one thing, raising one question, and demanding one solution. It is of many kinds. Some sorrow is retributive, and has to be penitently endured. Some is heroic, and has to be bravely ventured on. Some—let us say it under cover of the voice from the whirlwind—is awful, unfathomable, a terror that shakes the bravest

spirit. That God can make Himself felt through it we need not deny, but that we understand it how can anyone affirm? Think not to say that it is outside the will of God. Such a notion, if followed out, leads to a most ghastly conclusion. Nothing is outside the jurisdiction of His will, though that will may not receive perfect expression in human affairs. This is not the place to deal with that question. It is enough to say that with a great sorrow night enters the human soul and remains, though, happily, the stars may rise. Who does not know the stones of that place, when the sun has set!

Just now the letters of George Meredith are appearing in one of the magazines, and they disclose a great soul. Not a line of those letters can be missed, but surely the one to John Morley is the gem. At variance with his son, at issue with an unnamed friend who had cut friendship to the ground, bearing up gallantly against persistent disparagement, and, above all, waiting at the bedside of his dying wife—surely that was a stony place, but how nobly he demeans himself through it all! Perhaps the secret of his victory lies in this paragraph from his letter to Morley, who had written extending sympathy:

"Happily for me, I have learned to live much in the spirit and see the brightness on the other side of life, otherwise this running of my poor doe with the inextricable arrow in her flanks, would pull me down, too. As it is, I sink at times. I need all my strength to stand the buffets of the harsh facts of existence. I wish it were I to be the traveler instead. I have long been ready for the start—can think prospectively of lying in the earth. She has no thought but of this light, and would cry to it like a Greek victim under the knife. God be with you."

Sorrow casts a long shadow, but of all the ways that lead into the stony places sin is the surest and saddest. Not only is the way of the transgressor hard, but as Robert Burns said, it hardens the heart of the man who walks in it. Yet even in this hardest of ways something troubles our dreams. Jacob himself was a sinner, and at the very time of this vision he was a fugitive, having deceived his father and defrauded his brother. No matter how far we may wander there are always good angels to beckon us to the good and the true. In Kansas they are trying the plan of placing certain prisoners on their honor and sending them out to work without any other restraint. Not long ago a squad of fifty went out, and one boy, unable to resist the longing for liberty and mother, ran away and went home. Two days later he returned and said:

"I was sorry the minute I started away, but something seemed to beckon me on until I reached my mother's home. Then I decided to come back. I'll never do it again."

That youth told the truth when he said that something seemed to beckon him until he reached his home. It was the good angel in him that made him want to go to his mother, and the same good angel who made him realize that he had done wrong and that he ought to go back to prison, not only to be fair to the warden who had trusted him, but to the other forty-nine men who might suffer curtailment of their liberty through his hasty act. Thus even in the hard way there is ever a gleam which, if we follow it, will show us "the brightness on the other side of life."

"Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Loss of a good name, the death of loved ones, an unfortunate marriage, sickness, financial reverse—many things take us into the stony place where there is no light. There is nothing for it but to do as Jacob did, accept that place as the scene of a heavenly vision—though, at the time, our faith seems to be only a dream. Let us take "the stones of that place"—that narrow lodging; that dingy office with its grinding routine; that home where we have been hoping, striving, waiting for things to be better, and they are no better yet; that sick-bed with its weariness and pain; that disappointment with its bitterness—knowing that all this, which besets us behind and before, is God himself surrounding and subduing us. It is thus that men become what they could never otherwise be, not in spite of their hardships, but because of it. What though God seems only a dream, he who follows that dream will find that it fulfills itself in eternal reality.

Travelers tell us that the ancient site of Bethel is curiously unimpressive, only a rock-strewn valley in a maze of stunted hills. So ordinary was the spot where the wandering shepherd lay down to sleep because the darkness had overtaken him. Yet Jacob awaked out of his sleep and said, "Surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not. How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the House of God, and this is the gate of heaven." And he took the stone of that place and set it up for an altar of covenant and prayer.

"Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

A PRAYER

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne, and glorified.

I know I may not alway keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A place of safety for my feet;

But pray, that when the tempter's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unbottomed sea of doubt;

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go.
About the places of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below,
That friends shall never be estranged;
But for the power of loving, so
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

More Soldiers or More Reason?

Discussions of national defence by "chiefs of staff" are usually unedifying and almost always superfluous. They are superfluous because we always know in advance what these gentlemen will say. They are the last people in the world for reasonable republics to listen to for advice about the size of their armies and navies. Men might as well ask their tailor whether they should have a new coat or their architect for his opinion whether a bigger or costlier house is in order. Since time began there was no head of a country's military establishment who did not call for more soldiers and military machinery. The German army today is not big enough to suit "the staff," and the British navy is not big enough to suit the admiralty. Our own army is not big enough to suit General Leonard Wood, its chief of staff. We could mobilize only 105,000 men; and for the war which we shall "probably have in the not distant future" we must have 600,000. Therefore young college men especially should get busy, so that when the war comes they can be the officers.

This was actually preached by General Leonard Wood at the Harvard Union a few nights ago to an audience, we read, of 500 Harvard students. It was certainly not so bad as his last preachment. That was in St. Louis, where he went into a glowing panegyric upon the universal military service in Germany, and wished that we might out-German Germany in this sort of thing. But the Harvard preachment was certainly bad enough, and many serious men cannot fail to ask themselves as they read the report whether it is not perilously close to an impropriety for "chiefs of staff" and other such executive agents in the government's military service to take the platform for discussions of public policy involving military issues. The peril lies in the fact that while these gentlemen are supposedly experts on questions of how to fight, they are as such the last persons in the world to go to for counsel as to whether to fight or to get into the fighting attitude; while the uncritical and superficial crowd is constantly apt to think them experts in the larger question, which is a question of statemanship. The most foolish thing ever said by Fighting Bob Evans, at a time when Congress was discussing the naval appropriations, was that what the country needed was "fewer statesmen and more battleships." His slur was upon the statesmen; but he is to be thanked at least for pointing a good antithesis and reminding us that the two stand in opposition, and that the more we have of one the less we shall have of the other. The question for this republic is at the moment which kind of ship—battleship or statesmanship—it means to make its ship of state.

The worst part of General Leonard Wood's plea before the Harvard students for bigger armaments was the ground upon which he based it. "We are the only nation which stands for definite policies which are almost certain to bring us into conflict with other nations which are expanding. The Monroe doctrine and our policy of not allowing even commercial coaling stations of other powers in American waters are practically sure to cramp foreign nations at some time," and force us into war with them; hence let us have betimes 600,000 soldiers. Hence, the rational man would surely say, overhaul these exceptional and offensive policies of ours, and see if they stand the test of reason and of the world's growing interdependence and co-operation, or whether they belong to the selfish survivals of political policies which we ought long ago to have outgrown. "If you are prepared for war," says the chief of staff, "you will find that the best guard against war." The best guard against war is the policy which does not invite war, which does not foolishly and groundlessly offend other nations, but makes them our friends and assures them that we are their friend. "Turkey is being defeated," he says, "principally because of her lack of preparation." Would he be glad to see her so well "prepared" that she could crush the Balkan states in their struggle for their rights? Turkey is being defeated not because she ought to have more soldiers, but because she misgoverned her provinces of Macedonia and Albania, and these in the crisis became inevitably and properly her enemies and not her friends, a source of weakness and doom instead of defence and strength. This is the thing for the inheritors and spokesmen of the world's outgrown military regime to remember in this modern world; and the business of generals and admirals and the rest of us —and it would be easy and grateful to name some of the generals and admirals who are as conspicuous as anybody else in declaring it—is to devote ourselves not to the organization of bigger armies and navies, but to the organization of the international justice which will make these gradually unnecessary.

"When a nation becomes large and rich and inert," the chieftain continues, "it is certain of annihilation by other powers," and the intimation is that we are inert because we do not raise our force of regulars from 105,000 to 600,000, build up a great reserve force, and turn our colleges into schools for compulsory military drill. The whole argument is an argument that our Canadian brothers on the north, who devote their energies to industry and useful pursuits, are inert; and that our Venezuelan brethren at the south, who so chronically maintain what Colonel Roosevelt calls "the fighting edge," are alert for the truer progress and the uplift of the world. This gospel is a reminder, which is grateful and reassuring, of the benediction upon the republic in its escape from the conjunction of the Rough Rider president and a Rough Rider commander of its armies.

"Our commercial growth," says the chief of staff, "must be accompanied by military growth." The answer to this mischievous and foolish dictum was effectually given in Boston a month ago by the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce, when unanimously and with the greatest enthusiasm manifested during its memorable session, it declared that the world's commercial growth must be accompanied by the banishment of militarism, which, with its enormous burdens, is the chief menace to the industry and trade of the modern interdependent family of nations; and that the commercial leaders of the world must work together to put an end to the atrocities of war, and organize the nations for the settlement of their differences by international arbitration and international courts. I think that this greatest commercial organization of the world would impatiently brook the tuition in the conditions of commercial growth now proffered it by our "chief of staff."

General Wood could not have brought his anachro-

nistic preachment to a poorer place than Harvard University. "I am sorry," he said, "that there is no military instruction here at Harvard College;" and he held up for emulation to the young men gathered in Harvard Union the "many colleges which have compulsory military drill," and are thus fitting themselves for leadership in the supposedly inevitable war to which our offensive policies are calculatel to bring us with the foreign nations "cramped" by them. It is the glory of Harvard University that it has contributed more leaders than any other higher institution of learning, not only in America but in the world, to the commanding movement to put a period to "inevitable wars" and to supplant the war system by the system of international law and reason. It was a great Harvard scholar, Charles Sumner, who said that the greatest service which the Springfield arsenal ever rendered this country was in inspiring the lofty verse of Longfellow, a great Harvard Professor, upon the impeachment of our civilization presented by the fact that two milleniums after Christ we still maintain such arsenals for the storage and manufacture of our chief tools for settling international disputes. To Harvard University, when he died, Charles Sumner left provision for an annual prize for the best dissertation by any Harvard student on the methods by which war can be permanently superceded, the first provision of its kind in human history. William Ladd, Channing, Emerson, Parker, Lowell, Phillips Brooks, Edward Everett Hale, Joseph Choate and a score of other great names illustrate Harvard's preëminent service in the true method of settling international differences. To ask the young men of Harvard to join in an effort to increase the machinery for settling international disputes by force, when the whole logic of the hour prescribes a decrease by force, commensurate with the growing and already so great increase of the machinery for their settlement by law, is an affront indeed. When at last the schools and universities of the world are rising to the high plane of the gospel which for two generations Harvard's leaders have so illustriously taught, she is not herself likely to pay much heed to the efforts of a Rough Rider to start a panic over the chance of a hostile power landing 50,000 troops on the Massachusetts coast, and his exhortation that Harvard should start "compulsory military drill."

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Ethics Conceived of as Functional

An Outline for an Introduction

Prepared, in part, for the ethical meeting at Judge Russell's, Jackson Boulevard and Mozart, Chicago, May 28, 1912.

I. FIRST STAGE. Mediate, Unconscious, or Indirect factors and forces.
On this primary plane, ethical agencies are functional in the sense of indirect.
A. Origin of the sense of responsibility.
1. Not from direct moral aim; from functional effects of moral forces.
2. Natural selection not a direct cause of improvement. (DeVries.)
B. Some fundamentally functional moral media, such as food and sex-instincts.
C. Scope of indirect or functionally moral agencies; from home to international activities.
D. Indirect agencies in the world's socialization:
1. Apart from conscious purpose:
a. Alexander as well as Plato.
b. Conflict between desire and function: Between colleagues—Haeckel and Eucken.
c. The Lisbon earthquake; cruelties often coerce adventitious agencies.
d. Nietzsche not silenced by formal logic.
2. Ethical life a function of variables, such as: Climate, soil, toil, sex, heredity, language, authority, habit, play, force, defense, example, praise, pleasure, pain, ritual, laws, institutions, cults, migrations, accident, war; and especially vocation, food, reflection, art, love, coöperation, and imitation. Imitations of examples form habits.
E. General standards summed up by Bowne in "richness and fullness of life."
1. This is a "moving equilibrium:" retrogression and degeneration.
F. The mediate or unconscious functional agencies constitute the first stage—the basis of morals.
1. The test goes on through the process from impulse to act.
2. The ethical grows out of the unethical; as a social value, the divine out of the human.
3. Perhaps the metaphysics thereof is another story.
4. The first stage is taken up into the second; unreflective group-morality.
II. SECOND STAGE. Social Judgments are evolved out of mediate or unintended moral agencies.
A. Custom ethics are functional in origin and progress.
1. Conscience is chiefly consciousness of custom—ethos, mores.
a. Imitation, impression, reason (Plato), are influential; but initial action is response to a to a situation; this is the most elementary social fact, bond or relation. (Giddings.)
b. The faculty of judgment arises out of functional selections. (Bergson.)
c. The radius of the tabu in the clan is largely an unconscious function of association. (Ross.)
2. The growth of custom ethics is functional.
a. Progress of habits, customs, laws, institutions consists, racially, in functional adaptations to environment,—improvement in conditions of existence on the whole.
b. Certain modes of behavior and judgments have been, by society, adopted—both rationally and irrationally. The more functional, being approved, survive in the long run.
3. It is the functional conception that the growth of ethical ideas and judgments are dependent upon community needs—economic, political, military and religious.
a. Spencer and Hobhouse show how the military and industrial stages affect the virtues in demand.
b. So static sciences as logic and mathematics require variables. (Woodbridge.)
c. "Plato's metaphysics of the ideal was born of Athens' need."
Plato's Protagoras affords a functional notion of the genesis of moral ideas.

4. Social sympathy was evolved from indirect, unconscious tendencies.
   a. Nietzsche. Social evolution is not functionally ethical in this sense.
   1. Answer: as a result of differentiation of function, group-cohesion and sympathy with its products have been necessary—in our phrase, functionally ethical.
      a. Differentiation rather than reproduction is the "object" of sex. (Giddings.)
      b. Functional "difference of potential" promotes distribution of power, democracy, and other social values.

III. Third Stage. Individual Judgments are evolved out of indirect or unconscious agencies. Direct or conscious morality is functional in that sense.

A. Instincts emerging from the will to live take form under (1) unconscious, and (2) social environmental influences; and these racial instincts and impulses, with resultant habits, are forces working in the child when he comes to moral consciousness.

1. Ethnologically, this evolution reaches the plane of reflective moral conduct.
   a. Examples of mutations: Socrates, Jesus. Even Washington, Shaftesbury. Conflict with custom, untoward conditions, clash of impulses, plague, war, oppression. Tragedy.
2. Individually, the psychologically free deed is functional: forced in the conflict of ends; is indirect, mediated, evolved, and tested from impulse to act. (Gethsemane.)
3. All action is potentially ethical. The unconscious will to live evolves, in every act, into a value-judgment. (Vide Ames' definition of "will to live.")

IV. Infancy, early childhood, and adolescence correspond, somewhat, to the three racial stages of ethical evolution. Therefore,—

1. Functional psychology recommends largely indirect training of the infant's instincts, desires, habits. More stress on habit, ceremony, custom, balance, vocational and other preparation for adolescence in the second period. In the third period, *the functional change of life itself* reveals the growing child as becoming more distinctly a social self or social function. (I here use "social function" in a new unauthorized sense.)
2. On this—high school—level, ethics is *criticism* of custom; on the second it is custom *mainly*,—"the ethics of all of us most of the time." The ethical intelligence of the average professional man (outside his specialty) is that of the seventh or eighth grade.
3. The sort of ethical instruction appropriate to the adolescent stage:
   a. *At physical regeneration,* the youth feels himself becoming a social function; there is the awakening of a new social conscience.
   b. He is not interested in moralistic texts and tables of duties, or emotional courses (or pathological), unless taught by a Beecher or a Hugo. Waste little time on direct, formal ethics, even though the old forms remain.
   c. Teach indirectly, functionally, the new content for the new need: (1) The genetic processes of domestic, economic, civic, æsthetic, and religious progress. (2) The psychological view of the agent's functional reaction to the forces of heredity and environment, i. e., there may be direct, formal instruction, at this stage, in functional psychology and sociology.
   d. Adolescents need and demand Reason—even if the appeal to reason is in behalf of the feelings—not final solutions, but a scientific method of living and working in the inescapable social process with its relations, institutions, and functions of actual life.
   e. Vital, present-day knowledge of these indirect moralizing agencies will "make moral action"—and functional ethics—"appear inevitable" (Tufts); though its newer standards cannot be formally taught before they are learned or discovered.

V. *Definition*—not complete but appropriate at this point—of Functional Ethics: Functional Ethics is ethics based on the functions of life and society as studied by science and adjusted to democracy.

1. Ethics is not mere genetic sociology. By "genetic," is meant causal movement; by "functional," movement to advantage. Function, in this sense, means progress, better adaptation.
2. Functional ethics will not seek a separate motive or final end,—"apart from the common lot." Dewey: "What the modern system of ethics will be no one knows."
   a. Nietzsche's "Beyond Good and Evil" an infelicitous; but, in the age-long search for a static system absolute, x = zero, or else infinity.
3. "Function must always go out toward the next thing." An adolescent change is going on (Patten and others), a new age emerging,—solving the paradox of our theme—making a possible "surplus morality"—"richness and fullness of life"—for all, in greater degree. Then, functional ethics will be recognized (like a transmutation of species), as not *merely* indirect, but, on this third level, as also the direct reflection of all the useful, known functions and values of real life and society. (Though intellectual mediation will be needed until the consciousness is unified.)
   a. Many humble functions, meeting real needs to-day, unconsciously form organs of growing worth in future ages. Function builds better than it knows. God bless the animal kingdom. But its apex is active—useful intelligence—i. e., functional ethics. Intelligence is indirect.

Clarence Greeley, Ph.D.

A magazine editor to whom O. Henry had promised a story many times without delivering it, sat down one day and wrote him thus:

"My Dear O. Henry: If I do not receive that story from you by noon today I am going to put on my number eleven shoes and come down and kick you down your own stairs. I never fail to keep *my* promises."

Whereupon O. Henry replied: "I, too, would keep my promises if I could do my work with my feet."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

LINCOLN CENTRE NOTES

The Browning Class is at the beginning of its work for the coming year, with a very interesting program ahead of it. It is as usual, under the inspiring leadership of Mr. Jones, and holds its meetings on Friday at 10:30 a. m. For those who love literature and life there can be no more illuminating study than the poems of Robert Browning. Their wonderful range of vision, their psychological penetration and clearness of application, make them tremendous in their potency for one who seeks for the ideal in the real in the relations of human beings; and who desires to work for the uplift of the soul of humanity through an understanding of the subtile influences and forces which play upon it amid the complex environments of life. This should be one of the largest classes at work in the Centre.

In the "Civics Room," fourth floor, there is a well selected small library of works on Sociology, and general civic questions. It is the desire to make this collection more widely useful by ascertaining if there are enough people interested along these lines to form a group to meet in this room at stated times for reading and discussion. These books are for general reference. Further information can be had in the Educational Department in the Browning room.—W.

ARE WE GUILTY?

Mr. Ryutaro Nagai, at one time a student at Manchester College, Oxford, now a professor in Waseda University, Tokio, and editor of the *Shin Nihon*, had, according to the *Christian Life* of November 2, a recent editorial on "Christian Civilization and the Conquest of Native Races," which is scathing in its arraignment of the white races. "What terrible things the white races have done to the colored it seems impossible to say. Since 1860 the whites have taken possession of ten million square miles, with a population of one hundred and thirty millions," he says, and concludes his article with these words:

"We (the Japanese) are a peace-loving people; but can we be expected to endure these indignities long?" (The reader will probably remember disputes in various parts of the world, about yellow labor invasions). "If the white races do not lie, when they say they love peace, let them return what ought to be returned to their brother, and welcome, with a handshake, to the places where welcome should be extended, those worthy of welcome. Failing to do this, is equivalent to telling us we must be content with occupying a lower place than they. Who will lend an ear to such selfish peace-reasoning? What virtue is there in being white? How can it be called a crime to be colored? All his peace-reasoning is as 'sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal' unless the white man can divest himself of the race prejudice."

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

A professor in the University of Chicago told his pupils that he should consider them educated in the best sense of the word when they could say "Yes" to every one of fourteen questions that he should put to them. The questions are full of meat, and are worth careful reading:

"Has education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them? Has it made you public-spirited? Have you learned how to make friends and keep them? Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself? Can you look an honest man or pure woman straight in the eye? Do you see anything to love in a little child? Will a lonely dog follow you in the street? Can you be highminded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life? Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano-playing or golf? Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you be happy alone? Can you look out on the world and see anything except dollars and cents? Can you look into a mud-puddle by the wayside and see a clear sky? Can you see anything in the puddle but mud? Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?"

—*California Christian Advocate.*

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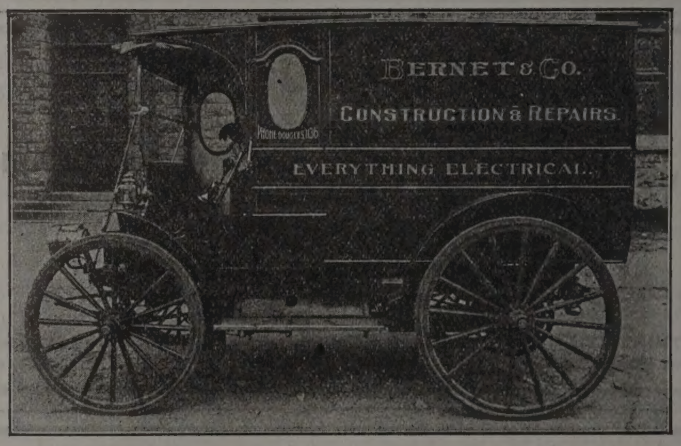

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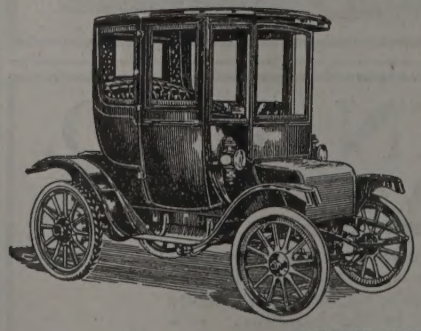

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